

A new, and accurate
TRANSLATION
OF THE
FIRST BOOK,
O F
HOMER's ILIAD.

By HENRY FITZCOTTON, Esq;

'Α σωλευτικ πυτπὶ γρῦ δρεδφυλλι σίκ,
'Ον αἴπνεδ τὸ πασσ βει θε σεῦ δφ θε καῖ:
Ἄιδ ἴγνοςαντ πυτπὶς μῆ σὲν ἀτ μει Γεῖκ,
Φορ ράντ δφ γνδ νῶσεις τὸ σμελλ ἐτ ἀ ἔαι.

apud Matanarium.



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T H E

P R E F A C E.

AFTER having kept the following translation under the file, for a long time, according to the directions of a certain * gentleman, who adviseth the authors of important works, to let them lie in their closets, as many years as there are Muses; I had some thoughts of publishing it, about three or four years ago. But I was discouraged from that design, by the character which some persons gave me, of the then L—d L—n—t: For they told me, that he was much troubled with the PALÆOMANIA; the very disorder which I propose to cure, in part, by this performance: but which is of such a nature, that men who are far gone in it, always conceive an aversion from those who attempt to prescribe any medicine to them.

I had indeed, some doubts about the truth of this information: for, upon farther enquiry, I was assured by no less than three

A 2

Bishops,

* ————— nonumque prematur in annum.

Hor.

Bishops, two Judges, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and nine parts in ten, of the Members of the House of Commons, who had all dined with his Ex—ll—cy, at different times; that they never heard any thing from him, which seemed to tend that way.

However, as I had a material favour to ask from the G—m---t, I was unwilling to run the risque of giving offence; and therefore I determined to confine these sheets to their usual prison, until the departure of THAT NOBLEMAN. Ever since, I have been taken up with some affairs, which have kept me in a constant attention to them. But, having at last got rid of business, I offer these fruits of my labours to the Public, with that inexpressible pleasure which ariseth from the consciousness of an honest intention; and without any apprehension from the possibility of THAT NOBLEMAN's returning to this Kingdom. For, supposing that he should (according to the general wishes of those who labour, in some degree, under his foible) I expect that my services will have gained me a formidable party: and, as it is allowed that he hath some share of sense, in other respects; I am persuaded that *he*
will

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will not be desirous of entering into a romantic quarrel against insurmountable odds.

Before I explain fully the tendency of my work, I shall take leave to make a few observations on the manner in which I have executed it.

I think I may affirm, without the least Imputation of Vanity, that my translation greatly differeth from the most correct works of this kind, that ever appeared in the world, not excepting the *miraculous* Version of the Septuagint: for, instead of amusing myself with a trifling adherence to the number of the letters, or even of the lines in my original; I have taken care, through the whole, to preserve, most religiously, the sentiments and spirit of my author. And I have carried this honest scruple so far, that in two or three places, where I was obliged to insert some words of my own, for the better illustration, or connexion of the sense; I have inclosed those few passages within crotchetts, thus [].

And as my author is remarkable for employing many *apocopes*, *syncopes*, &c; I have imitated him in numberless words, such as—*behav'our*, instead of *behaviour*—*weezon*, instead of *weasand*, &c. which I thought it incumbent on me to mention here, lest some readers

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readers should misconstrue that exactnes, and impute it to a costiveness in my rhyming faculty.

Lastly. Because the critics have observed that *Homer* speaketh, not only *Ionice*, *Aeolicé*, &c. but even *Olympicé*; I have, for that reason, introduced many exotic terms, in my version, such as---*sub judice*; *filles de joye*; *sneeger snee* &c: by which means I make him express himself, not only *Latiné*, *Gallicé* &c: but even *Belgicé*.

Some readers will perhaps think it strange to find mention, made in my *Homer*, of modern persons, or things; an instance of which occurreth, at the beginning of the book, in the complaint of *Chryses* to *Apollo*, wherein he speaketh of those two famous Divines *Prideaux* and *Hammond*. In answer to this, I must acquaint them that the heathen poets were blessed with the *aflatus Divinus*, as much as the heathen prophets; and consequently enjoyed, as well as they, that part of it which resembleth a faculty known to our *North-Britons*, under the name of the *second sight*. Accordingly * the irrefragable Doctor *Barnes* proveth to demonstration,

* See the Doctor's unparalleled performance on that head, in the preface to his edition of *Anacreon*.

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stration, that my *Homer* foresaw the future glory of his *Anacreon*. And I will venture to maintain, upon my own authority, that * *Horace*, by the same faculty, had a most clear, prophetic conception of a young female Quaker.

As this full solution will serve, with equal strength, against any difficulty of the same nature, which might have startled some of my readers; and as I am, not sensible that any thing else can possibly raise any serious scruples against the fidelity of my translation; I shall now proceed to an account of the ends, proposed, in undertaking this arduous task.

The only thing which supporteth the unjust reputation of ancient authors, is the disingenuous manner in which they are dressed and garnished by pedantic translators and commentators, who being strangers to the *beau monde*, endeavour to palliate that defect, by pretending to a profound knowledge of authors; whom it is their interest to set off, and cry up, as much as possible, and to make the silly part of mankind believe that they contain some very deep, mysterious learning: by which means (like the Rosicrucians

* Book the 1st. Ode the 5th.

crucians of old, or the Fr--m-f-ns of the present age) they make dupes of all those who are so weak as to enter into their fraternity ; which no man can desert, without imminent danger from the resentment of those pretended adepts.

It is not in my power, singly to overthrow the whole antique edifice of pedantic knowledge. But as the *Iliad* of *Homer* may be justly called one of the corner stones of it ; I hope to give a fatal shock to the whole fabric, by shewing my poet fairly, in an undress ; which may have the same happy effect on his misguided admirers, that it had on an extravagant lover, to peep at his Goddess, through the key-hole of her dressing-room, when she stood in her stays and her flannel-petticoat.

If I am courageously seconded in this attack, and other gentlemen will undertake, each to expose some of the ancients of the first rank, in the same manner ; I shall have no reason to doubt of speedy success in this laudable undertaking : for the world will not only be convinced of the scurrility and puerility of *Homer*, but they will be made sensible, in a short time, that the best of *Pindar's* jockey-songs are not fit to be compared

pared with the *Scotch* ballad on *John Patterson's Mare*; that there is not an ounce of wit in all *Plato's* chit-chat; and that *Terence* has not even low humour enough to raise a laugh in the upper gallery.

It was not long, since a fund of 500*l. per ann.* was inconsiderately obtained from his M---y, BY A CERTAIN PERSON, for the use of the D--l-n S-c--ty; which, I suppose, will be expended, according to their lavish and useless custom, in præmiums to those who muster up the largest bundle of dirty rags, or, perhaps, to some new mouse-trap-engineer &c. Could such a bounty be obtained for the use of my scheme, some ingenious gentlemen might form themselves into a society (by the title of THE BEAUX ESPRITS) and they might, out of that fund (increased yearly by voluntary subscriptions) distribute rewards among those who should signalise themselves by their respective services, in pulling down the pride of the ancients and their admirers, by the method above mentioned. Neither is this such an airy scheme as some may imagine: for I am persuaded, from past observations, that this Kingdom can not fail of getting, in the compass of a few years, a C---f G---n--r,

who will be a sincere promoter and encou-
rager of this design.

Give me leave now, to expatiate a lit-
tle, on the general advantages which will
arise from my scheme, whenever it shall
meet with proper encouragement.

In the first place, it will redeem many of
the young hopes of the nation, from a dread-
ful state of slavery, under stupid tyrants,
who (as * Mr. *Echard* shrewdly observeth)
make their pupils spend many of their val-
uable years, wholly in getting by heart a
parcel of *amo's* and *tauηω's*, and in filling their
heads with nothing but an idle story of *the*
toes of Achilles, and *the grecian boots*. Which
is the more to be lamented now, considering
that the youths of the present age attain to
ripeness much sooner than formerly, and,
consequently, are able to spend their precious
hours in a much more useful manner, by
making an early progress in politeness, and
a knowledge of the more fashionable arts.
For it must be allowed (to the honour of
this age, and the amazing care and conduct
of many parents) that several young gentle-
men can come, with a laudable assurance,
into a coffee-house, a drawing-room, or an
assembly,

* Grounds of the Contempt of the Clergy.

assembly, at a time of life, in which the booby-youths, even of the last age, would have made a bashful bow to their father's steward, especially, if he had grey hairs.

The downfall of musty learning will also bring great comfort and emolument to all truly polite men, between the age of thirteen and thirty: For they will no longer be awed by the presence of pedants, from discoursing on their favourite topics of horses, hounds, drinking bouts &c: &c: &c: ; nor will any of them be exposed to the danger of having their mistres given away by a doating father, to some worthless rival, whose sole merit consisteth in having droned away a certain number of years at a public school and in a college. Strange infatuation! that a thoroughly accomplished gentleman shall be sneered at, by an antiquated set of humourists, because, in reading the gazette, he happeneth not to get his tongue readily about the title of the *Hotspur of Walachia*; or because, writing in haste to some friend in town, he desireth him to get him a chest of the first *Civil Oranges* that come from *Lisburn* or any other town of *Portingill*; or (not to trouble the reader with too many melancholy reflexions of this kind) because

he hath not thought it consistent with the character of a fine gentleman, to burthen his memory with more than half a dozen of absolutely necessary Greek and Latin words, such as *bravo* and *encore*.

These, and many such trivial objections have I known to be made against the reputation of a gentleman, although his greatest enemies could not deny that he danced and fenced, with a much better grace, and dressed with a much better goût, than a certain much-talked-of master of the mint, ever did, or the author of *the treatise on the Animal Oeconomy*, ever will.

I designed to have added some arguments, to prove that the success of my intentions, may greatly conduce towards banishing Popery, and keeping the Pretender abroad : But, as they may help me to eke out some future Preface ; I flatter myself that the good-natured reader will readily allow me the privilege, granted to all long-winded preachers, of referring what I had to say on that head, to another opportunity.

THE
ARGUMENT
OF THE
FIRST BOOK of Homer's ILIAD.

DURING the siege of Troy, one Chryses, Chaplain to a neutral Lord of that country, cometh to the camp of the Greeks, to ransom his daughter, who had been taken by one of their parties, and was in the possession of Agamemnon, their General: But he, being unwilling to part with his captive, sendeth her father away, with ill language and threats. Chryses carrieth his complaints to the young Lord Apollo, his patron; who, being an ingenious chymist, had found out the art of making * whitepowder. This Lord, resenting the insult offered to his Chaplain, shooteth

* By some called still-powder. According to the account of the gold-making Alcumists of former days, it had all the properties of gun-powder, excepting that of causing a loud explosion. As the chymists of this age acknowledge that they have not the recipe for preparing it, it is much to be lamented that Pancirollus maketh no mention of it, in his most useful, and most comfortable treatise—de artibus perditis.

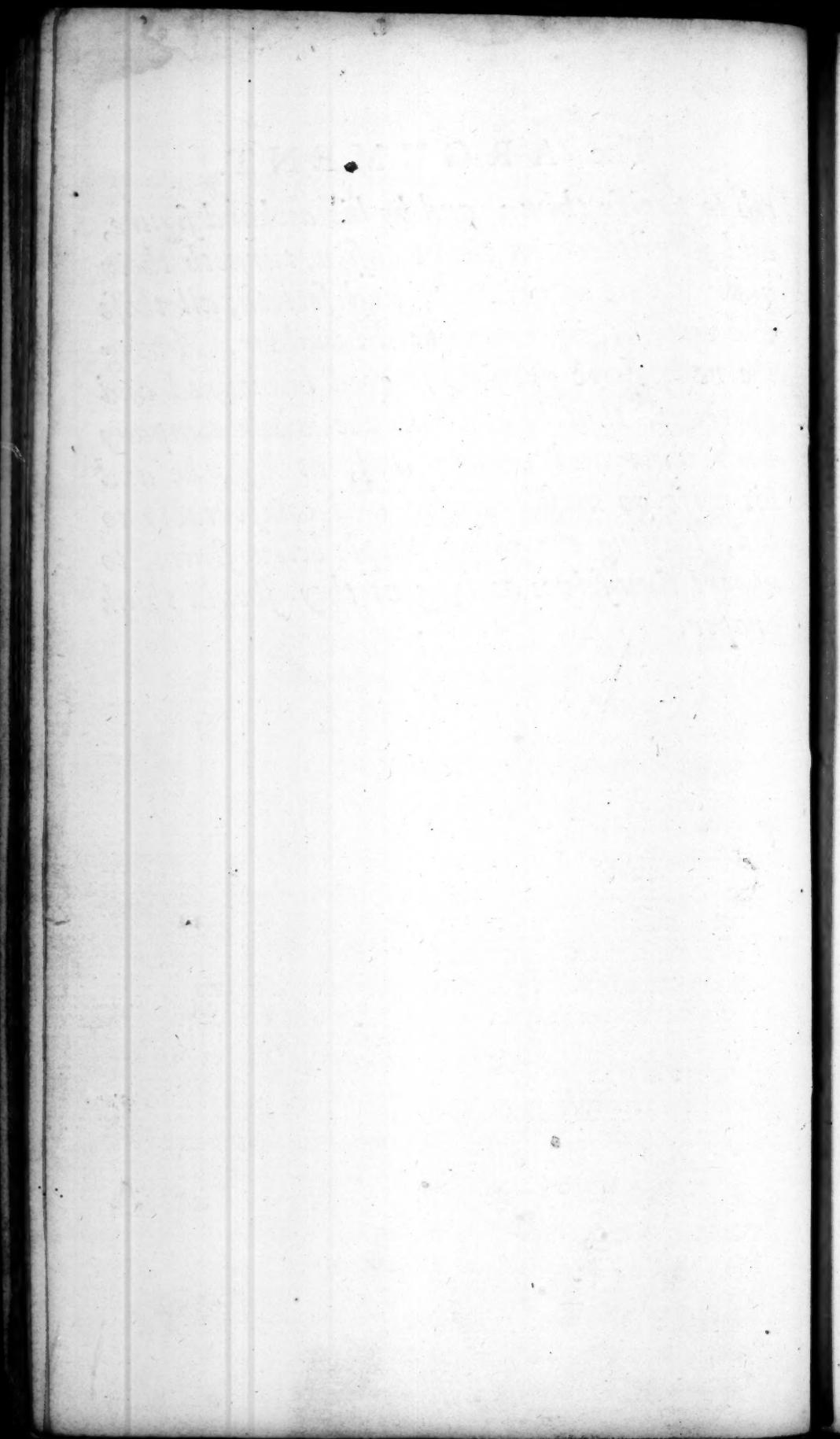
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shooteth a great number of the Greeks. At last Achilles (the son of a Lady of great quality, by a private gentleman, and the most gallant officer in the whole army) maketh this affair be examined in the presence of the General, and of all the troops: and an old fellow, who had been in the service of the Peer, and knew his temper, discovereth the mystery. This enrageth Agamemnon against him and against Achilles, whom he suspected (perhaps not without reason) of having set the old man on declaring a thing so prejudicial to his amour. However he sendeth back his fair Lady, for the welfare of his army; but, out of pique, taketh Achilles's mistress from him. Achilles telleth this to his nurse, who was settled in that part of the world; and knowing that she had some interest with one Jove, who kept a noted public-house near the camp; he sendeth her to him with a request which he knew would give the Trojans a great advantage over the Greeks. His nurse succeedeth in her commission: But Juno, Jove's wife is very angry with her husband for complying with nurse's request. The grey mare not being the better horse, in that family; Juno is in great danger of rough usage from Jove: By good luck for her, her natural son endeavour-

eth

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eth to pacify them ; and by his awkard figure, and silly speech on that occasion, turneth their quarrel into merriment, and setteth, all those who were by, in a continued laughter. Among the rest, Jove groweth so good humoured and generous, that he treateth the whole company with wine and music ; and, at last, he and his wife go most lovingly and comfortably to bed, leaving the young people below-stairs, to divert themselves as long as they should think proper.



A new and accurate

TRANSLATION, &c.

COME, *Clio*, sing (if such your will is)
The lasting frolics of *Achilles* ;
That haughty knight, whose surly tricks,
Brought heavy bastings on the *Greeks* ;
Hurling their souls down *Pluto's* stairs,
Before they'd time to say their pray'rs ;
While hounds devour'd their flesh above :
Thanks to the blessed whim of *Jove*.
What made the Knight and Gen'ral quarrel ?
Had they been broaching some new barrel ?

No : one *Latona's* bastard-son
Caus'd all the mischief that was done :
His father's name—[another time,
I'll bring it *better* into rhyme.]
White-powder was this spark's invention :
(No doubt, with villainous intention)
And, being angry with our chief,
He shot his soldiers, like a thief,

Because

Because his Chaplain, proud and chuff,
 Had not been us'd with form enough :
 For, hearing that his child and heir
 Was gone, by *fortune de la guerre*,
 He brought an hamper of Champaign,
 To get poor stolen Miss again ;
 Shewing (to make his suit the better),
 His tippet, and his Chaplain's letter :
 And, with an awkward, cringing scrape,
 (Us'd, to this day, by men in crape)
 Harangu'd one red-coat, then another ;
 But most, the Gen'ral and his brother—
 “ Heav'n send you may cut *Priam's* weezon,
 “ And get home safe, in proper season :
 “ But first, give me my *Peg* again—
 “ 'Tis worth your while——here's right
 champaign—

“ But if you don't—see what will follow—
 “ For I belong to Lord *Apollo*.

Now, all their chaps began to water :
 They cried “ pray give the man his daughter—
 “ Let us all take one hearty swallow,
 “ And drink an health to that *Apollo*.

But *Agamemnon* (who, it's plain,
 Lov'd pullet better than champaign)

Roar'd

Roar'd out, in hasty, furious dudgeon—
 “ Be gone, you musty, old curmudgeon—
 “ Should you, at any time appear,
 “ Now, or heareafter, sneaking here—
 “ Not all those badges of a chaplain
 “ Shall save you from an oaken saplin.
 “ As for your *Peg*, I'll make her stray,
 “ Over the hills and far away :
 “ And when, at home, I'm in repose,
 “ She'll rub my shins, and dearn my hose :
 “ So, vex me not—but, if you've sensē—
 “ Carry away your bones from hence.

Old *Chryses* (for that was his name)
 Prov'd he was neither deaf nor lame:
 Away the frightned parson flew,
 And never stopp'd to bid adieu ;
 But went and laid, before his Lord,
 The whole transa&tion, word for word ;
 Adding these grains of adulation,
 To give full weight to his narration---
 “ Most noble Lord, by whose protection
 “ I often have escap'd an action :
 “ Who, with a wife and pow'rful hand,
 “ Defend the tenants on your land :

“ Inventor of the fly device
 “ To drive away marauding mice ;
 “ If ever I have torn my breeches,
 “ In hunting with you over ditches ;
 “ Or entertain’d you at backgammon,
 “ When I should read *Prideaux* or *Hammond* :
 “ Use your still-powder in my favour,
 “ And bring the *Greeks* to good behav’our.

The heinous breach of privilege
 Put the young Peer in such a rage,
 That home he went, and, in a crack,
 Brought down his musket from the rack ;
 With powder-horn, and store of ball,
 To play the puck amongst them all :
 The neighbours star’d, who heard him rattle,
 With all his implements of battle,

This happ’ning on a foggy day,
 Perdu, behind an hedge he lay,
 And, by th’ advantage of his shelter,
 Let fly his comfits, helter skelter.
 First, straying hens and dogs he hit ;
 But that was only sport, as yet :
 For, after he had charg’d again,
 He tipp’d, at once, whole files of men :

And

And this he did, nine days together
 Being befriended by the weather ;
 So that the drunken sexton swore,
 He never far'd so well before.

At last, *Achilles* made a clatter,
 Insisting they should sift the matter.
 One mother *Juno* sent the hint
 Of what those murd'ring doings meant.
 For she had spied them from her garret ;
 And lov'd to prattle like a parrot.
 Besides, where could she get a groat,
 If all her red-coats went to pot ?

Achilles, thus inform'd, begun—
 “ Gen'ral, it's time for us to run.
 “ The *Trojans* and *Apollo* haunt us :
 “ Enough, in conscience, for to daunt us.
 “ If we stay here, we surely fall ;
 “ For two to one are odds at ball.
 “ However, first, consult some wizard,
 “ To know what frets *Apollo*'s gizzard :
 “ Or ask some witch, of noted skill ;
 “ Or ev'n some gipsy, if you will :
 “ For even gypsies often tell us
 “ Some things which in our youth befel us.

“ Perhaps

“ Perhaps the haughty Peer resents
 “ That on his land we pitch our tents ;
 “ Or else he takes it ill of you,
 “ That you have sent no how d’ye do.

This said, up comes a cunning shaver,
 And much in Lord *Apollo’s* favour,
 Who having taught him many tricks,
 Let him earn pence among the *Greeks*.
 He knew how long next *June* would last,
 And whether it was come or past ;
 Or could pronounce a show’r at hand,
 When he felt rain upon his band :
 And therefore was in constant pay,
 To tell them when to make their hay,
 For this he lov’d the *Greeks* like pye :
 (And so, perhaps, would you or I)
 So, having made a little pause,
 Larded with prudent hums and haws,
 He thus began “ my worthy Knight,
 “ I’m sure that I can set you right.
 “ But first, pray let me make you swear
 “ To be my bail in this affair :
 “ For there’s a certain person here,
 “ Whose damping frowns I hugely fear :

“ And

" And when great folks once take a spite—
 " Poor devils always suffer by't.
 " A day or two, their spleen they'll hide well:
 " Then, in a whiff—away to *Bridewell*.
 " But if your Honour takes my part,
 " I'll do the job with all my heart.

To this, the valiant Knight replied—
 " Old Thrifty, I'll insure your hide.

(For, courteous reader, you must know,
 The merry soldiers call'd him so)

" Speak : for by yon' luminary,
 " Guide of affairs sublunary ;
 " While I can stand upon my toes,
 " No man shall pluck you by the nose :
 " No, not our blust'ring trunch'oneer,
 " Who rules the roast, at present, here.

This having cur'd his palpitation,
 He thus resum'd his wise oration—

" You quite mistake, my worthy masters,
 " The cause of all these late disasters.
 " Apollo doth not care a farthing
 " For trespass on his land or garden :
 " And as to any how d'ye do,
 " He values that but little, too.

" No :

" No : 'tis our Gen'ral's rude behav'our,
 " (For I must say so—under favour)
 " And keeping of his Chaplain's daughter,
 " Occasions all this dreadful slaughter.
 " So, be advis'd : Send back again
 " The Parson's *Peggy* and champaign ;
 " And make the peer some handsome presents,
 " Of woodcocks, ortolans, or pheasants :
 " Perhaps he will become your friend ;
 " And so, each side will gain their end.

This put the Chief in such a flutter,
 That he began to froth and sputter :
 " Tell me (he cried) old *Succubus*,
 " What makes you always use me thus ?
 " You're ever forming some design,
 " Slily to injure me, or mine,
 " By whisp'ring your malicious chat.
 " [My poor child *Jenny*'s case for that.]
 " And now you trump up this affair,
 " Merely to make me odious here.
 " I own my spouse be'nt half so pretty
 " As this young captive ; nor so witty.
 " Besides my Lady's somewhat old ;
 " And, now and then is apt to scold.

" Yet,

" Yet, I will shew 'tis all aspersion,
 " That I lose men for my diversion :
 " For, rather than to bear the blame,
 " I'll send the girl from whence she came.
 " But you must make me some amends ;
 " Or else—expect we shan't be friends.

" How make amends ? (replied *Achilles*)
 " That matter much above your skill is.
 " When convents happen in our way,
 " Each takes his nun, that very day :
 " We make an honest dividend ;
 " And when that's done—why there's an end.
 " Could you, with conscience, ask your men
 " To raffle for their girls again,
 " After they have so bravely fought,
 " To get a wench, and earn—a groat !
 " Pray now, for once, behave your self :
 " Send off this young, unlucky elf :
 " And, the next covie we lay hand on,
 " A brace or two you may depend on.
 " Thank you for nothing, Sir (says th'
 other)
 " That won't do, though you were my brother.
 " Think you that I will lie alone,
 " While you have doxies of your own ?

" Sir sophister, I'll let you know,
 " No man alive shall fool me so.
 " Get me a lass, fair clean, and tight :
 " Find such an one—and all is right.
 " But if you don't--then mark the end on't--
 " I'll help my self—you may depend on't—
 " And he whose miss I take away,
 " Will curse his stars, as sure as day.
 " But—more of this when I'm at leisure—
 " Mean time, it is my will and pleasure
 " To have the damsel sent away,
 " On a clean cart, well stuff'd with hay ;
 " That the poor girl may sit with ease on't :
 " And, in her lap, th' aforesaid present.
 " A score of men, and some old serjeant,
 " Must see this done, and have the charge
 " on't :
 " Or rather you, whose gallows-face
 " May scare *Apollo* into peace.
 " * The d——l take your face and eyes.
 (Enrag'd *Achilles* straight replies)
 " Is this the way you honour merit !
 " Can you expect that men of spirit
 " Will

* An expression, more used by the rabble of *London*, than it was in the days of *Achilles*.

" Will risque their bones against the foe,
 " If they must be rewarded so ?
 " The *Trojans* never stole my geese :
 " My cocks and hens all roost in peace :
 " For I'm secur'd from any harm,
 " By double fences round my farm.
 " But I came here, and so did others,
 " Merely to serve two thankless brothers :
 " For though we bravely take your part,
 " You think our help not worth a f—.
 " Nay, what is worse, you even hinted
 " That my diversion should be stinted.
 " Though, when I do some grand affair,
 " I never get a neighbour's share.
 " You chuse a dame in rich brocade :
 " I take up with some homely maid.
 " But, since I find you use me so,
 " Back to my village will I go,
 " Where I shall meet with no such usage,
 " And venture neither wound nor bruisage.
 " Then, if I am not much mistaken,
 " You'll find it hard to save your bacon.
 " Vamp off (says th' other) when you will :
 " I'll have enough to help me still ;

" And chiefly he, whose grumbling thunder
 " Can keep rebellious rascals under.
 " Of all who fight by my commission,
 " You're ever foremost in sedition :
 " For you're a buffer always rear'd in
 " The brutal pleasures of *Bear-garden*.
 " If you are active, tall, and brawny,
 " And hardy, like an *Highland Sawny* ;
 " Those qualities, no doubt were given,
 " For nobler ends, by bounteous heaven.
 " Command, at home, your vermin-crew :
 " I value neither them, nor you.
 " But mind my words—I vow and swear,
 " As sure as I give up my fair ;
 " So surely shall you see me come,
 " With pikes advanc'd and beat of drum ;
 " And (without saying--by your leave)
 " I'll carry off your fav'rite slave ;
 " That sturdy mutineers may see
 " What 'tis to cock their hats at me.
 " Now (thought *Achilles*) shall I do ?
 " Shall I dispatch, this monstrous brute ?
 " Or shall I swallow down my spittle,
 " And try to cool my spleen a little ?

But

But while he stood thus, shall I--shall I,
 (His sword half out) in comes one *Polly*,
 An artful wench, by *Juno* sent,
 Th' impending mifchief to prevent.

She tipp'd his back--with much surprise,
 He turn'd and saw her roguish eyes.

" My old acquaintance ! (said the Knight)

" Are you come here, to see us fight ?

" In half a minute, I'll be bound,

" You'll see him sprawling on the ground,

" I'm come (said she) in *Juno*'s name,

" To tell you, you are both to blame.

" She loves you both, and dreads to see

" Two customers at * *sneeger snee*.

" Scold, if you will, and rant, and vapour ;

" But sheath that ugly, frightful rap'er.

" As far as I can understand,

" He'll soon ask pardon, cap in hand.

" Well : (quoth the Knight) then, be it so :

" I will not make your dame my foe :

" For those who humour mother *Juno*,

" Get the first choice of—goods that you
 know.

Poll,

* Fighting with knives ; which custom is still in great request among the *Dutch*.

Poll, having tam'd her stubborn mule,
 She straight return'd to *Juno*'s school.
 But still the Knight, in fev'rish state,
 Was parch'd within, by wrathful heat ;
 And therefore us'd the foll'wing vomit,
 In hopes to get some cooling from it.

“ You drunken cur : you daftard heart :
 “ You finely act a Gen’ral’s part !
 “ Fighting was never yet your trade,
 “ In open field, or ambuscade.
 “ So far you’re wise : ’tis safer here,
 “ To prate and puff and domineer ;
 “ Feath’ring your nest, by plund’ring those,
 “ Who dare your lordly will oppose.
 “ You canibal : had soldiers sense,
 “ This should have been your last offence.
 “ But now, I swear an oath, by far
 “ The strongest us’d in forms of war—
 “ By this round, taper partizan,
 “ Plan’d by a skilful artisan,
 “ Who rent it from it’s parent-tree ;
 “ (As I, henceforth, am rent from thee)
 “ And such as careful captains keep,
 “ To stab a foe, or stick a sheep :

“ This

“ This honest, valiant, nervous fist
 “ By *Greece*, and you, will soon be miss’d.
 “ When *Hector* slays your men by dozens,
 “ You’ll wish, we still were cater-coresens :
 “ For, when you cringe, and whine, and
 . bawl,
 “ I’ll only say—pox take you all.

Having thus ended his harangue,
 He threw his pike with scornful bang,
 Down on the ground, as who should say—
 There’s my commission dash’d away.

And now, the Chief, in furious heat,
 Would have return’d his *Billing’s-gate* ;
 When mild and prudent *Nestor* rose,
 Fearing the two might come to blows.
 His looks and tongue were soft as satin,
 And ev’ry word he spoke came pat in.
 Thrice thirty years he scratch’d his b—m ;
 Yet, was as found as any drum.

“ Odsbuds (said he) these madcap tricks
 “ Will prove the ruin of the *Greeks*.
 “ Doubtless, it will be dainty sport,
 “ To *Priam*, and to all his court,
 “ To hear that the two cocks of *Greece*
 “ Can’t find the way to live in peace.

“ Be

" Be rul'd : I've wrinkles in my nether—
 " —Parts, more than your's, both put to-
 gether.
 " When I was young, your betters paid
 " A great regard to what I said :
 " For I shall never see again
 " Such jolly kick-and-cuffing men*. .
 " One of them could have maul'd, with ease,
 " Ten fribbles of the modern days.
 " Yet, when their schemes were out of joint,
 " They ask'd my thoughts upon the point.
 " Do you the same ; you both will find
 " That leading greatly helps the blind.
 " Imprimis, Gen'ral don't bereave him
 " Of the bed-fellow th' army gave him.
 " Next, Sir *Achilles*, you're but young ;
 " So learn to keep a civil tongue :
 " For though you are a valiant Don,
 " And an high Dutchesf calls you son ;
 " Comparifons will never do,
 " Between so great a man, and you :

" For

* I have designedly omitted the rumbling catalogue of ancient Heroes, mentioned by *Nestor*, in this place ; left a long string of such *Hurlothrumbo*-names, should wound the delicate ears of gentle beaus.

" For you, but act as Brigadeer ;
 " But he, is Grand Veldt-Marshall here.
 " Gen'ral, your prudence will suffice you :
 " You don't want others to advise you :
 " Therefore, consult your own discretion ;
 " And leave this youth to my correction ;
 " For, after all, you can not say,
 " But that he fully earns his pay.

Quoth *Agamemnon* " not to flatter,
 " Your speech was fraught with useful matter.
 " But he, must always bounce and hector,
 " And set up here for chief director.
 " That man, indeed, must be a true sage,
 " Who can submit to such vile usage.
 " What though his fist be hard and brawny ;
 " Must I, forsooth, be made his zany ?
 Says th' other, " call me ragamuffin,
 " When I am daunted by your huffing.
 " Frighten your slaves with noise and squab-
 bling :

" I value not your senseless babbling.
 " But, hear what I shall tell your honours---
 " A gift demanded by the donors
 " I scorn to keep ; and spurn away
 " What you bestow'd me th' other day.

" No more the son of *Peleus* draws
 " His fword in any strumpet's cause.
 " But, as for you, illustrious Chief,
 " If you attempt to play the thief ;
 " And venture other things to rifle ;
 " Although it were the smalleſt trifle ;
 " My fword ſhall bore a hole, to reach
 " Down from your navel, to your br---.

This squabble ended, up they got,
 Each, to put down his ſpit, or pot.
 But *Agamemnon* straightway ſent
 For ſmart *Ulyſſes* th' adjutant,
 And gave him orders to convoy
 The preſents, and the female toy.
 This buſ'neſſ done, he gave direction
 To guard the camp againſt infection,
 By ſweeping all the filth away,
 Blood, lints, and plaifters in the ſea :
 Which being finish'd, down they ſat,
 To eat and drink and laugh and chat.

The Chief, as angry as at firſt,
 Determin'd, now, to do his worſt.
 He had two drummers, uſeful imps,
 Yclept, in th' old, mean Idiom---*pimps* ;

But,

But, now, by men in higher spheres,
 Call'd---*confidants* ; sometimes---*premiers*.
 These girl-hounds he dispatch'd away,
 Knowing them keen at female prey.

“ Go bid (said he) young Col'nel *Bluff*
 “ Send me his girl---and that's enough :
 “ For if he dares demur or grumble---
 “ Superior force shall make him humble.

Away they went in doleful plight,
 Dreading the choler of the Knight.
 At last, they found him by his tent ;
 But durst not tell him what they meant.
 Yet, as a drum's a martial warrant,
 He guess'd, with ease, their odious errand.
 Says he “ I much respect your office :
 “ For, who can drum, and pimp, no oaf is.
 “ I blame you not, my lads ; draw near :
 “ Too well I know your bus'ness here---
 “ This friend of mine shall bring the lass---
 “ But tell your master he's an afs.
 “ He might reflect (th' ungrateful beast !)
 “ That he will want me, all in haste :
 “ And then, by---but I will forbear ;
 “ For none but bullies love to swear.

Scarce had he said this, when his friend
 Led out the damsel by the hand.
 Away she went, in silent dumps,
 Oblig'd to trudge it on her stumps :
 While the Knight's eyes, in plenteous tyde,
 Pour'd forth the venom of his pride.

He had a nurfe, who, as they say,
 Was famous for her curds and whey ;
 And, being cleanly, would not fail,
 Twice in a day, to scour her pail.
 The spot he knew, and thither went,
 To tell her all his discontent :
 And, as he stood above the stairs,
 He blended thus his 'plaints and pray'rs---
 " Heav'n send that death may end my trou-
 ble,
 " Rather than I should live a bubble.
 " Instead of getting double pay,
 " The Chief has forc'd my girl away.

The nurse, who heard her son lament,
 Left there her pail, and up she went.
 Half hid in ambient steams of sweat,
 She hugg'd and kiss'd her blubb'ring pet---
 " Who vex'd my child? come, tell me true,
 " That I may cry as well as you.

" You

“ You know (said he) the greater part
 “ Of what torments my aking heart :
 “ But, since you want to hear it twice,
 “ I will dispatch it in a trice.

So, he recounted ev'ry battle ;
 What towns he took, and how much cattle ;
 And lastly, how it came to pass,
 That he had gain'd---and lost his lass.
 “ And now (said he) I well remember,
 “ (Some holyday, in laſt *December*,
 “ As we sat by the fire to heat us,
 “ Roasting our shins and ſome potatoes :
 “ Your goodman too' I'm ſure, was by ;
 “ And he can tell as well as I)
 “ I heard you boast how, on a day,
 “ When you went out to cry your whey ;
 “ Juſt paſſing by the houſe of *Jove*,
 “ You heard a dreadful noife above ;
 “ And, going up, you ſaw, at once,
 “ Three rogues (who would * have builte
 ſconſe)
 “ Falling upon their helpleſs hoſt,
 “ Whom they were tying to a poſt.

“ You

* A phraze which ſignifieth—to go away, without pay-
 ing the reckoning.

" You ran with all the legs you had,
 " And call'd a lusty *Irish* lad,
 " Who was a chairman by profession,
 " Like many others of his nation ;
 " (BRYAN, at home, a rogue of fame ;
 " But EGAN was his trav'ling name)
 " He came, and, with his pole, drove out
 " The villains who had made a rout.
 " *Jove*, thankful, pray'd him to sit down,
 " And gave him drink and half a crown.
 " Tell him of this, and beg that he
 " May do so much, for you and me,
 " As to deny, for sev'ral weeks,
 " To sell his * brandy to the *Greeks* ;

" That

* A certain half-critic has been pleased to start the following objection against this passage. How could *Jove*'s refusing brandy to the *Greeks* be attended with any ill consequences ? might not they supply themselves elsewhere ? Although I am no great advocate for my *Homer*, I think myself obliged, in honour to vindicate him, where he is in the right. The reader must know from me, that there was not brandy, or any other kind of spirits, in all the country of *Pbrygia*, during the space of more than seven years, before and after the siege of *Troy*, excepting what *Jove* had in his cellar. I could prove this by numerous quotations from ancient authors : but, as I am not fond of making a shew of learning of that sort ; I shall only mention two antiquaries, whose authorities have never been called in question, The first is, Pancratius Vollenhove : Histor.

“ That, while they’re faint and out of heart,
 “ *Troy* may have room to play her part :
 “ And then—our army soon will see
 “ What ’tis t’ affront a man like me.

“ My chick (said she, brimful of tears)
 “ You must excuse poor nurse’s fears ;
 “ For, much I dread, some sword or bullet
 “ Will make an end of mammy’s pullet.
 “ And, after all, they pay your bravery
 “ With nothing else but tricks and knavery.
 “ In an ill hour I gave you suck,
 “ If you’re to have no better luck.
 “ I’ll go to *Jove* and speak him fair ;
 “ For one must coax the fury bear.
 “ But, have no battling with the foe,
 “ ’Till you’re inform’d how matters go.
 “ *Jove*’s gone, at present, to decoy
 “ Fresh country-girls, some miles from *Troy* ;
 “ With shoals of sweetners whom he pays,
 “ To swear to ev’ry thing he says.
 “ He’ll only stay ’till *Friday* se’nnight ;
 “ And then, I’ll have him in a minute.

“ I

Histor. memorab. gest. ad Trojam. The other is, Cornelius Van Kinschot : *Dissert. in Antiq. Asiatic. cap. xii, de cibo & potu.* The reader may consult either of them, at his leisure.

" I fancy I shall do some good,

" Unless he's in a dev'lish mood.

After some dripping tears were blended,
This fav'ry conversation ended.

[Reader, by this, you partly do know,
That *Jove* kept house with mother *Juno*:
But 'tis not yet determin'd fully,
Whether as husband, or as bully.
Proceed we now, and (as they say)
Leave the dispute * *sub judice*.]

During this time, the Gen'ral's envoy
Was safe arriv'd, with cart and convoy ;
And, like a wise, experienc'd captain,
Pockets the cloth, the fowl was wrapp'd in :
Next, from the cart he plucks some hay,
To serve the horses, for the day :
The hamper too, well corded round,
He gently lays upon the ground :
Then he brings down impatient miss ;
For she had wanted, long, to—kiss
Her own papa, and get his blessing ;
And then, to go and fall to dresssing.

Ulysses having met the priest,
(His wild-fowl dangling from his fist)

" Thus

* undetermined.

" Thus low (said he) I humbly truckle
 " To kis one corner of your buckle.
 " Here is your daughter and champaign :
 " You've ev'ry flask o'nt safe again.
 " My Gen'rал, as in duty bound,
 " First, is your servant to the ground :
 " Next, hopes you'll give your Lord this
 present :
 " 'Tis small--but then--'tis all he has on't :
 " Lastly, he begs your intercession,
 " T' appease your angry Patron's passion.
 Mifs leap'd about her father's neck,
 With such a spring as made it crack ;
 And he so strongly hugg'd her waist,
 That she had like to—sigh at least.

Just in the nick, up comes the Peer.
 All made their honours, and drew near.
 " My Lord (says *Chryses*) see who's there !
 " Thanks to your friendship in th' affair.
 " The Chief asks pardon, and has sent you
 " Some wild-fowl, which I here present you.
 " Since he has made amends, at last,
 " I beg, forget all quarrels past.
 " But, as it's almost time to think
 " Of laying in some meat and drink ;

" Honour my cottage with your presence,
 " And club your woodcocks, or your pheasants :

' I'll find good ale—and brisk champaign,
 " To put us in a merry vein.

The Peer, who, now, was quite content,
 Agreed to all—and in they went.

[Those ages scorn'd all useless aids :
 They kept no cooks, nor waiting-maids ;
 But, like th' industrious *French*, could dress,
 Either their mistress, or their mess.]

Our folks, to shew they were no sluts,
 Pick'd clean the fowl, and * drew the guts :
 Then, made the self-felonious bill
 Transfix the sides, with cruel skill :
 Next, rak'd the fire, and made it blaze,
 To do their work with greater ease.
 Fresh-butter-basting shew'd their taste ;
 For drippings speak a stingy beast.

When

* This sheweth that, either my *Homer* was unacquainted with the genteel method of dressing woodcocks, with their train (alias t—d) or else, that he looked upon that fashion, as a very fluttish and nauseous kind of delicacy.

When all was done, they serv'd their roast
Upon * a crisp, well-butter'd toast.

And now, they all began to eat.
None could complain for want of meat.
They had no grudging, snarling words ;
For each man got a leash of birds.
But when the rage of hunger ceas'd,
Champaign, in plenty, crown'd the feast :
And the brisk Peer, all th' ev'ning long,
Regal'd them with some merry song.

To bed they went, and slept as found,
As if their wives were under ground.
Then, up they got, by peep of day.
(Miss had not time to get their tea)

* A single toast might easily stand under nine birds at most (for it doth not appear that miss got share of them) because they made use of griddle-cakes, in those days : and it is to be supposed that, when they wanted to make a large toast, they split the cake in two, as *Cambro-Britons* do a cheese, for toasting, when they have a mind to regale their company on saint *Taffy's* day. Nothing is more evident than that *Virgil* alludeth to griddle-bread, in these words—

— *eheu ! mensas consumimus* —

Therefore I am of opinion that they should be rendered thus —

Heyday ! my boys : our stomachs strong and able
Conquer a cake as large as any table.

Ulysses and his score of men
 Made haste towards the camp again.
 They march'd as nimbly as the wind :
 The creaking cart lagg'd far behind.
 When they had reach'd the wish'd pa-
 rade,
 Our adjutant who knew his trade,
 Made them, first, *poise their arms* ; then,
rest 'em ;
 Then—I forget—and so, dismifs'd 'em.
 Away they skipp'd, with nimble courage,
 To meet their trulls and dres their porrage.
 Mean time, the Knight, on vengeance bent,
 Continu'd raving in his tent ;
 And neither would unsheathe his sword,
 Nor go to any council-board.
 But nurse (who ask'd when *Jove* should
 come;

As often as a *City-drum*)
 Found him, at last, cock'd on a jar,
 Smoaking, alone, within the bar.
 “ Gossip (said she, and clapp'd his back)
 “ I know who would have gone to wrack,
 “ Had not I call'd in *Irish Paddy*,
 “ To take the part of honest *Daddy*.

“ You

" You know 'tis true : so, let me see ;
 " Will you do one thing, now, for me ?
 " I only beg you'll sell no brandy
 " To any *Grecian* * *Jack-a-dandy* ;
 " That when the *Trojans* make them run,
 " The *Greeks* may feel they want my son ;
 " For they have robb'd him of his right,
 " And he's resolv'd he will not fight.

At this, old, stingy *Jove* look'd gruff,
 And only answer'd with a—*puff*.
 But nurse (resolv'd to serve her son)
 Began, anew, to play the dun—
 " Will you ? or will you not ? (said she)
 " You may speak out—your will is free.
 " Tell me, at once, I'm old and crazy—
 " If that's the case—I will not tease you.
 " That's not the point (old *Jove* replied)
 " You're still as blooming as a bride.
 " But here will be most plaguy work,
 " When *Juno* scolds me like a *Turk* :
 " For, many times, she fumes and frets,
 " And swears, the *Trojans* are my pets.
 " But, slink away ; for, if she sees you,
 " I'd lay a pot of ale, she'll feaze you.

" I'll

* A cant-word, to signify a despicable person,

“ I'll do your work—you need not fear—

“ The *Greeks* shall get no brandy here.

With that, * he let a monstrous crack,
Which shook the shelves behind his back.
Nurse started: but the hum'rous wag
Laugh'd like to split, and told the hag—

“ It is my way, when I've a mind

“ To shew my friends I will be kind;

“ I, thus, proclaim their bus'ness done,

“ By firing off a roaring gun.

Best friends must part; and so did they.

Nurse scuttled off, to sell her whey;

Jove to his kitchen and his chair,

To take his nap, as usual, there.

When he came in his female cattle,

At once, left off their tittle-tattle;

Dropping him curt'sies *à la mode*,

Although they loath'd him like a toad:

For tyrants, of whatever sort,

’Though curs'd, are worshipp'd by their
court.

But

* This is the famous passage, which so remarkably inspired the imagination and hand of *Phidias*. Perhaps Mr. Hogarth may, some time or other, do as much justice to it, as that ancient.

But *Juno*, who had smell'd a rat,
 Began her matrimonial chat—
 “ You cunning man! though you're so fly,
 “ I guess who has been here—and why.
 “ You're hiding ev'ry thing from me,
 “ And think I have not eyes to see.

To this, *Jove* answer'd, in an heat—
 “ Madam, forbear your idle prate.
 “ 'Tis not the province of a wife,
 “ To know all incidents in life.
 “ You always shall be first, to hear
 “ Such things as come within your sphere.
 “ But when I've secrets of my own—
 “ 'Fore *George*—you must let those alone.

This made the dame grow somewhat furious.
 “ You know (said she) I am not curious:
 “ But now, I have just cause to fear
 “ That dirty trollop's coming here.
 “ I fancy something's to be done,
 “ In favour of her saucy son.

If *Jove* was out of sort before,
 This answer vex'd him, ten times more:
 “ You wretch (said he) your artful cant
 “ Shan't make me tell you what you want,

“ The

" The more your noise disturbs my peace,
 " I'll loath the more that pimpled face.
 " Whatever was the last result—
 " Learn what this means—* *Le Roy † le vult.*
 " If you perplex me with your stuff—
 " All that are here shan't save your buff.

These words had such effect on madam,
 She never trembled so, since *Adam* :
 And ev'ry wench about the house
 Became as silent as a mouse.

[*Juno*, when young, had made a by-blow,
 To whom *Jove* often gave a dry blow.
 He was a shapeless, limping creature ;
 A meer burlesque on human nature :
 Besides, as he was squat and bulky,
 The § *filles de joye* nicknam'd him HULKY.
 But then, his headpiece was so good,
 You might employ him as you wou'd :
 For, though he never learn'd his grammar,
 No Smith outdid him at the hammer ;
 Or clinch'd, with more commanding art ;
 A stubborn nail that chanc'd to start.]

This

* Such is your sovereign's will and pleasure.

† So pronounced by the gentlemen of the law.

§ Ladies of pleasure.

This lad of wax was standing by,
When *Jove's* big words made *Juno* cry :
And so he rais'd, his heavy br—ch,
To utter this consoling speech—

“ I can’t abide these thund’ring quarrels :
“ They’ll taint our beef, and soure our barrels.
“ Hard ! that we cannot live in peace,
“ For JACKS of *Troy*, and JILLS of *Greece*.
“ Mother, there’s no one can disown,
“ You’ve a rare noddle of your own :
“ Yet HULKY, ’though an arrant dunce,
“ May give you good advice, for once.
“ You must resolve to sooth and coax—
“ ’Tis th’ only way, with angry folks—
“ For if you raise my father’s fury—
“ He’ll thresh us round—I can assure you.
“ But if you’ll promise to be good,
“ He’ll straight throw off this surly mood.
Then, springing, with a limping grace,
He thrust a tankard to her face—
“ Here ; drink (said he) and cool your
liver—
“ I vow, these wranglings make me shiver.
“ To see you tann’d would break my heart :
“ Nor durst poor HULKY take your part :

" For I remember, on a time,
 " When I had done some petty crime ;
 " *Jove* pitch'd me forward, from the stair-head ;
 " And, down I sows'd, upon my bare head.
 " The waiter chanc'd to stand below,
 " And broke the vi'lence of the blow :
 " Or else, I'm sure, the dreadful fall
 " Must have crack'd neck and skull and all.
Juno, 'though vex'd, could not forbear
 To smile at her sweet son and heir :
 And, as she found the tankard full,
 She ventur'd at an hearty pull.

This done, he gave it to the rest,
 Who all were bursting at the jest :
 For, once an age, you'd hardly see
 So choice a * GANYMEDE as he.

This lucky hit made *Jove* so merry,
 He needs must treat them with some sherry.
 An harper coming in, by chance,
 The greater part began to dance :
 While others, who sat still by choice,
 Gave *Jove* a sample of their voice :

Till

* The beautiful cup-bearer of the Gods.

Till he and *Juno*, being bowzy,
Yawn'd, time about, and grew quite drowsy.

They had a truckle-bed above,
Which *Hulky* oft repair'd for *Jove* :
Thither the couple went to snore,
Where, many times, they snor'd before :
But, first, like old and skilful sleepers,
They clos'd the curtains of their peepers.

The E N D.

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